

Stroke 9 "Rod Beck"

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So I woke up this mornin with this weird feeling And it was kind of like I was not really myself anymore So I ran to the mirror and it was still me That same cynical, doubtful, unshaven, dirty look Unshaven, dirty...

Look, I don't know what's wrong with me I've been trying to figure it out for some time now Talkin to people about it It's kind of hard to explain It's kind of like a lack of excitement about anything... hmmm...

Maybe I need to address these issues with someone who is a professional

Maybe I need to say that I wish you would leave me alone this is personal

The other night I just think

I was pissed when you told me you thought I had lost control

Maybe I need to address these issues with someone who is a professional

I don't know, maybe it's just a phase or something I'm just going to get through or get over Maybe I'm just jaded for the time being

You know, just desensitized from growing up in a time when

I was barraged with action movies and video games Overblown media--hype, scandals and exposes It's almost like my eyes are the lenses of a camera And I'm watching everything happen around me I've grown so accustomed to lookin at things from afar In this weird kind of detached third person sort of way That I find myself waitin for things to happen to me in my lie

And then all of a sudden I've come to this incredible understanding

That my life is happening as all this is occurring As I'm waiting my life is happening this is my life and it's a little bit upsetting

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